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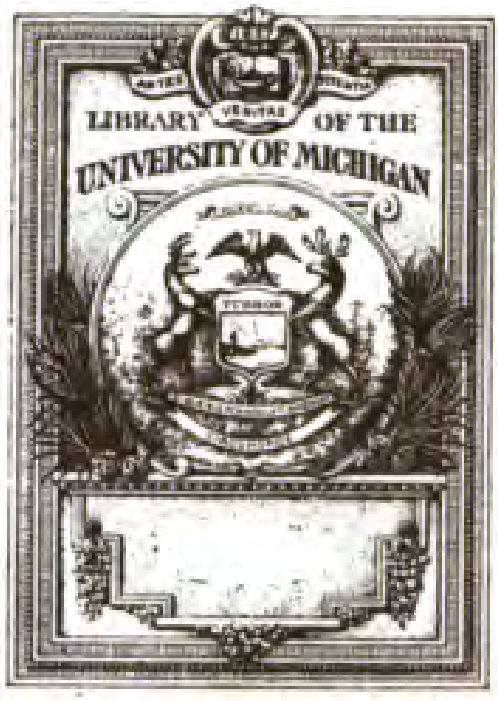
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THOUGHTS

AMONG FLOWERS.

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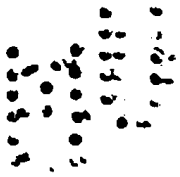

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THOUGHTS

AMONG

FLOWERS.

I.

Some plants, as the CAMELLIA, require much light, but can not endure the direct rays of the sun.

ALL the children of God—the most favored of them—have in this more or less resemblance to the camellia. They need light, much light, to perfect their blossoms, and to maintain their strength and beauty. But this light must come to them indirectly, through the influences of the Spirit, through ordinances, through ministrations, through readings. The dust and ashes of man's mortal frame will not permit him to endure more direct rays, from that refulgence

in which his God is throned. How can man, whose breath is in his nostrils, see

THE CAMELLIA.

God face to face, and live? It was needful even for Moses, to whom God

spake face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend, Exod. 32, v. 11, it was needful even for him, to hide in a cleft of the rock, that he might behold only the outmost skirts of that Divine glory which was manifested upon Mount Sinai, v. 22.

Let us be very thankful that it is now our privilege to view God in Christ, with all that excess of glory laid aside which man could not endure. If we have received grace, he is to us God manifested *in* the flesh, and manifested *to* flesh. And if we can indeed look unto Jesus, and see him as he is to us, then, our iniquity being taken away, and our sin purged, Isa. 6, v. 7, we need no longer, with the alarmed prophet, cry out, at the glimpses of that glory, "Wo is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts," v. 5; but may rather exclaim:—

"My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face, and live."

And let us be of good cheer still. The time is coming, is not very distant from any of us, when we shall live by sight, not as now by faith; when our own eyes shall behold, undazzled, and not another for us, the KING in all his beauty, in that land, now very far off, to which we hasten home, Job 19, v. 27; Isa. 33, v. 17.

II.

If the LAURUSTINUS should be destroyed by a sharp frost, when cut down, it will generally shoot up again from the roots.

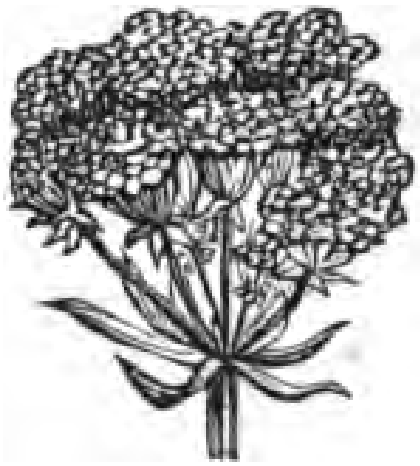
THIS affords a most lively illustration of one part of God's dealing with man. How often, by a sharp and frosty dispensation of his providence, is all the hope and pride of man brought down to the very ground! Various are the circumstances under which this is done, various the means employed, and various are the lessons intended to be taught by it. Such a frost, I have sometimes seen deprive a man of all which he held dear, all on which he leaned, or which leaned on him; and I have beheld him fall to the ground with an exceeding great and bitter cry of "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and

mine acquaintance into darkness," Psa. lxxxviii. v. 18. And my heart pitied him: but I said, "There is no hope for him, none." But I was wrong: for after a while he sprang up as a new being from the ground, radiant as an angel, and new in hopes, in feelings, in desires, separated from the world, and with both eyes steadfastly fixed upon his Father's house, in which many of his treasures had been before laid up, but where all were laid up now; and to which he now, free of all earthly ties, stood longing and panting to depart. Then I was instructed, and smote upon my thigh: and as I went on I heard him singing:—

"*There* is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!"

This man was as the Laurustinus. and this is only one of the circumstances to which the comparison applies. For many are the sharp and afflictive dis-

pensations by which God cuts down the earthly hope and confidence of man, to separate him from the herd; and then lures him into the wilderness, and speaks comfortably unto him, and pours into his wounds oil and wine.



III.

All Roses, except the Chinese, require to be pruned; for if this be neglected, the plants will speedily degenerate, and the stems become bare.

All the plants of God need this, without any exception. They have all of them such abundance of useless or such noxious growth, that, without the most unsparing pruning, they too degenerate, and their stems become bare. And pruned, therefore, they are often, and to the quick. For the Gardener's knife is sharper than any two-edged sword, and cuts deep and close; and often it spares nothing, however sweet or beautiful, by which the *real* health of the plant might be impaired.

Such plants are we. And what is there in us that needs this hard pruning and cutting off? Much every way. Many hopes too dear—many desires too

ardent—many affections too fond—much human confidence—much of our leanings upon arms of flesh—all require to be pruned, lopped off, with such love for our real welfare as can afford to show no mercy to our feelings, and must be regardless of our tears and groans. But let us not conceive that our Lord himself likes these bitter operations that put us to grief. Oh, no! What friend or brother have we, who has such a feeling for our infirmities as he has? Conceive, then, that he calls upon us ourselves, by the aid he has never refused, to do that for ourselves, which else he will be constrained to do for us. Conceive that he calls upon every one of us to—

"Cut out the iron sinew of thy neck,
That it may be
Supple and pliant to obey my beck,
And learn of me.
Rip off those seeming robes, but real rags,
Which earth admires
As honorable ornaments, and brags
That it attires;
Which cumber thee indeed. Thy sores
Fester with what the world adores."

IV.

The CACTUS, if it has, with shelter, a plentiful supply of light, will almost invariably flower.

THERE is much interest in the point of Christian experience which this fact suggests to the mind. We speak of the plants in the Lord's garden: and certainly they should blossom, if they have all the light and all the shelter which they require. It would be shame to them, and wonder of them, did they not. Here is the praise, here the glory, if they who seem to enjoy but in small measure the cheering rays of the Divine countenance, and seem to be left almost unsheltered to the buffetings and storms of life—if *they* blossom and bear fruit. Yet these, the drooping plants of that garden, do, nevertheless, often blossom gloriously, and bear much fruit. Some

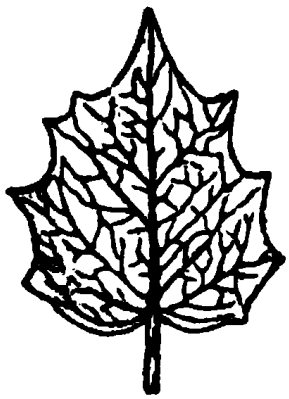
of the most blessed labors in the church,

THE CACTUS.

some of the highest glory to God, some

of the most ardent and effectual good-will to man, have come from the soul-beclouded Christians whom such plants typify. Let us not ask why God left them to go mourning all their days, why he left them so much unsheltered, why he so often hid his face from them. Who knew so well as he how their faith and patience might best be tried? how his glory might be the most effectually promoted through them and in them? There are certainly not a few, to whom this seemingly hard condition of spiritual life is necessary. They may not know it, but God does know; they may and do mourn over it, but God knows it is their best *present* condition. How can we tell this? Verily, by their fruits we know them. However a plant looks, however drooping it seems, however cold it be to the touch, and however dreary appears its condition, yet if it bear much and good fruit, we know that really it is in its best and most fitting state. This is the test. And how do we know that those sorrowing Chris-

tians whose condition engages so much of our sympathy, could have borne fruit, or glorified God, in any other state? Nor are they, perhaps, altogether so unhappy as to themselves and others they may seem. Their heart has been touched by a live coal from the altar. It has been left there; and it glows and burns in the inmost caverns, warming and cheering the source of life for him who may be unconscious of it. God does many things within us which we know not, and which others never can know.



V.

DAHLIAS planted against a shady wall will grow taller than their natural habit warrants, that they may, if possible, spread out freely at the top of the wall, and display their blossoms to the sun and open air.

THIS is as strong an example as nature offers of an effort to escape from the chill shade and confined air, into the warm sun and the free atmosphere. And the example is instructive. Let us do that which any dahlia in our garden will do. We are all of us, in our natural condition, as unfavorably circumstanced as such dahlias. We are as firmly rooted to the earth. We are as much shut out from the sunshine and free air. But how few of us struggle, like this senseless plant, upward, that the Sun of Righteousness may shine upon us,

and that our branches may be strong, and blossom freely in a better air!

But you say the struggle is unnatural, the growth unnatural. It is so. It is as unnatural to the man as to the flower. It is even more so. But *every* dahlia thus situated will thus struggle to be free. It is its nature to do that. But it is not our nature to do so. We are too often content to remain as we were, and live without even the desire for that freedom which the dahlia covets. This is a sad thing—sad to be content without the sunshine of God's presence, to be content out of that pure and reviving air in which those who have received the Divine Spirit live. This is *our* nature. But we must rise out of and above our nature, before we can thrive and blossom, or before our blossoms can be acceptable to God. Even the dahlia is often exhausted in the effort to raise its top into the sunshine and the air, and often fails to do so, without strong props and supports. Without such supports, *we* should most certainly fail in the sim-

ilar endeavor; and as the condition from which we are to rise is that which belongs to our corrupt nature, not only must our great Gardener give us all help in rising, but bestow upon us the desire and the impulse to rise

VI.

The PASSION-FLOWER (*Passiflora*) is so called because the leaves, tendrils, and different parts of the flower, have been fancifully imagined to represent the instruments of our blessed Savior's passion. On this account it is held in great veneration in Roman Catholic countries.

WE who are seeking in flowers matter to remind us of the things of God, and the mysteries of his kingdom, can not certainly object that this, or any other flower, should remind any men of the sufferings of Christ. Therefore, although the similitudes we seek lie deeper than this—likening not one material thing to another, but material things to things spiritual—we will not pass even the passion flower unregarded. If there be anything in the passion flower to remind us of Christ's bleeding wounds; of the nails, the spear, the

thorny crown, the scourge, the binding cords, it is well. We are so exceedingly

THE PASSION FLOWER.

forgetful of the things we are most bound to remember; we content our-

selves too much with general and vague impressions of the things that belong to our blessedness and peace. "God is good," is a general truth seldom, perhaps, absent from the mind. But it is not general truths, but particular truths —not the abstract, but the concrete, which affects the heart, and draws forth the soul in living gratitude to God for all his goodness. "God is good." Yes, but *how* good? and how good in particular to *us?* How has his goodness sought us out—gone with us in all our walks and ways, pursued us, waited for us day by day! "God is love." Yes, he is, he is; but how has he loved *us?* "He gave his only-begotten Son to suffer and die for us." Yes; but what is suffering, what is death? and what was it for the Son of his right hand to take upon him flesh, to suffer, and to die for *thee!*—for thee, wretch that thou art—as surely and as certainly for thee, as if there were not another being in the world—not one other sinner to be saved? No, it will not suffice to rest on

vague generalities about suffering and death. The details, the particulars, in all their glowing truth, should be ever present to our souls. But since they are not, since our minds constantly need the spur of some quickening circumstance, let us not disdain the humblest hint which plant, bird, beast, or insect, offers; let us not neglect the slightest circumstance in the earth, sea, or skies —in the town, the field, the forest, or the way-side, which, in any way, may suggest one thought of Christ, or which may, even for the passing moment, bring to mind, that—

"He bore the buffeting and scorn,
Mock-homage of the lip—the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree."

Montgomery.

VII.

The SWEET VIOLET (*Viola Odorata*) scents the banks, the hedges, and the borders of woods, with its fragrant purple flowers; and, as it grows, is so much withdrawn from observation, that it might be passed unnoticed, if the attention were not attracted to it by its pleasant odor.

THE world can not present a more exact or sweeter emblem than this of the humble and retired Christian. There are those who shun the eye of the world, who can not be drawn out even in Christian society, and who are never happier, never so happy, as when they can indulge in solitary communings with their own hearts, and with their God—as where the eye of man, from which they shrink, is withdrawn from them, and they can, without restraint, pour forth all their odors in solitary of-

ferings to God. Man, vain man, absorbed in the hurry and business of life, passes them heedless by; or, if he takes note of them, despises their humbleness, and is unable to discern their fragrance. Often are they crushed by the foot of pride; and the destroyer passes on, heedless or unconscious of the wrong he has inflicted. Of this class of Christian character was Cowper, who himself very beautifully describes the condition which we suppose the violet to represent:—

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow thee.

"There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

"There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness for her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

Or, let us take another view of the seemingly less happy condition which the violet represents :—

"Scorned by a number, pitied by a few,
He shrinks indignant from the public view ;
Assailed by poverty, a prey to grief,
Too sad to hope, too poor to ask relief.
On some lone spot he rests his weary head,
The air his canopy, the earth his bed ;
No gentle friends to ease the pangs of death,
Hear his last prayer, and catch his parting breath.
Yet o'er his altered mind peace mildly gleams,
And his last hours reflect its softened beams.
With smile serene he meets his hastening doom,
Trusts in the cross, and triumphs o'er the tomb."

Frances A. Rawdon.

VIII.

All the species of Fuchsia droop their heads toward the ground in such a manner, that their inner beauties can only be discerned when they are somewhat above the eye of the spectator.

In a meaner flower this might not attract particular notice, but most of the fuchsias are eminently beautiful, both in form and color; and in the fuchsias this modest bending of the head is the more remarked from the peculiar and singular beauty of the parts involved in the calyx, which they would thus seem anxious to conceal. If the ancients, who symbolized everything, had known this flower, they would undoubtedly have made it the symbol of modesty, which it does most significantly and beautifully typify. For my own part, my attention is scarcely ever drawn to a fuchsia in blossom, without some one or

more of the following scriptures occurring to my mind: "Though the

THE FUCHSIA.

Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly," Psa. cxxxviii. v. 6. "With

the lowly is wisdom," Prov. xi, v. 2. "Before honor is humility," Prov. xv. v. 33. "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart," Matt. xi. v. 29. "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven," Matt. xviii. v. 4. "In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves," Phil. ii. v. 3. There are even times when it reminds us of Him who, although in the form of God, and thinking it not robbery to be equal with God, "made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant," Phil. ii. vs. 6, 7; and with what peculiar force does not this recur to one who has seen servants in the East standing in the presence of their master, with folded hands and heads drooping like that of the fuchsia blossom, in token of humbleness! It is the beauty of that which the fuchsia seems to withhold from view which constitutes the force of the illustraton. It is not modesty to seem to hide that which has no real

value; even as it would have been no humbleness in the Son of man to take upon him "the form of a servant," had he never been aught else; but in Him, as in the flower, it was the imperial purple which was kept from view:—

"Why, with bowed head, beloved Coccinea,* say
You blush to meet the dazzling light of day?
Robed in imperial state, thy royal grace
In every movement of thy form we trace:
In thy meek air superior charms we see,
For modest worth is diffident, like thee."

* *Fuchsia coccinea*—Scarlet fuchsia.

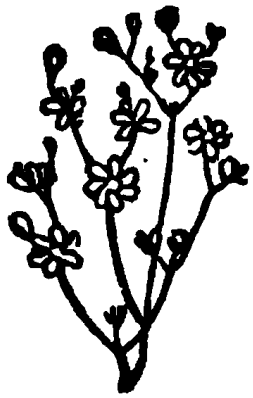
IX.

The MIMOSAS derive their name (which signifies mimic) from the singular sensibility of the leaves of some of the species, which by their motions mimic or imitate, as it were, the motions of animals; for by the slightest touch the leaves contract and close themselves; and during wind and rain, at night, and when exposed to much cold in the day, the leaves meet and close in the same manner as when touched.

How happy is it for those who are endued with a quality similar to this of the mimosa, and who are enabled by a keen apprehensive sense to detect the presence and advance of worldly influences, and to shut themselves up in Christ against them all. Happy are they; for the same property enables any one by whom it is possessed to shut himself up in the same manner from the chills and storms—from all the cold and bitter things of life. It is a

blessed thing to be one of these; and next to that, it is a blessed thing to know them, to watch them, and to profit by their example. It is a very remarkable and beautiful property of the high Christian character—being often almost as instinctive as in the mimosa, among those "who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil," Heb. 5, v. 14. It is no effort of thought, of judgment, of reason, to determine whether this thing or that thing taken separately is dangerous, is worldly, and, as such, to be excluded from the bosom. This is known at once. At the first glimpse, scent, touch, of the approaching evil, it stands naked and bare; and is at once recognised, by the force of spiritual antipathies, as an "unclean thing," against which all the approaches of the heart close themselves too firmly for any violence to open. This is a spiritual sense peculiar to those who are taught of God. It is one of the many precious gifts which he bestows upon the trained servants of his house—a

gift unspeakable, mysterious, and which the world can not appreciate or understand. This mimosa-like spiritual instinct is often found—is, indeed, the most frequently found among those who are but ill-taught in the learning of any other school than that of Christ, and who would be ill able by speech and reasoning to prove how or why the thing which they regard as evil really is so. For the sake of others, it were well that he could do this; but for himself, it is quite as well—it is, perhaps, better, that he relies upon his gift from God alone; and in doing so he is right, he is safe, he is happy.



X.

DODDER is a very singular plant, almost destitute of leaves, parasitical and creeping. It decays at the root, and fastens itself upon hops, flax, nettles, and beans, from which it draws its nourishment, and eventually strangles its benefactor.

IT is impossible for the most active mind to invent anything more strikingly illustrative of the case in which the sinner stands before God, than this remarkable fact in the history of plants supplies. As is the dodder, such is he. Incapable by his own roots of drawing vital nourishment from the earth, of living in his own strength, he looks around for the means of life, for support against the ruin which awaits him unsupported. It will not do to cling to whatever seems to offer support. It must not be a dry stem, having itself no

living strength; neither must it be every plant which seems vital, and which offers strength. It must be a plant on which he *can* fix himself, into which he can be grafted, and from which, when thus grafted in, he can derive that exact nourishment which he requires. Who is this but Christ? Into what other stock can the sinner be securely grafted? From what other stem can he draw salvation and strength? And what says Christ himself? "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me," John xv. v. 4. Wretched, poor, leafless (as almost is the dodder), perishing, no sooner have we fixed ourselves on him, clinging to him, and drawing a new life from him, than we gather strength, and begin to flourish. And does the comparison stop here? No; it is complete to the last, it is carried to the uttermost. Our Prop, our Stay, our Refuge dies; our sins destroy it; it dies that we may live; and if it died not, we

had been lost. The comparison is en-

THE DODDER.

hanced by the fact, that He who gives

life for life on our behalf is no unwilling victim: but—

> "O goodness, far transcending the report,
> Of lavish tongues"—

did most willingly undertake his redeeming office, willingly poured forth all the streams of life on our behalf, and desires nothing more earnestly, than that we should cling to him, be lost in him, and draw from him the life that has no end.

XI.

BALSAMS, and some other plants, require to be shifted frequently from small pots to larger. If, to save trouble, they are shifted at once from small to large, they form foliage too rapidly.

THIS reminds us strongly of a very beautiful passage of Scripture: "They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God," Psa. lxxxiv. v. 7. This, indeed, is not very clear: and it probably means as some translate: "They shall go from strength to strength, till each appeareth before God in Zion." In fact the treatment which most converted souls receive from God, is in general much like that which the skilful florist bestows upon his balsams. It is certain that it is our vocation to "*grow* in grace," and not at once to receive, or to be capable of receiving, *all* that our Lord is able

and willing to give. Willing! Then why gives he not at once all that he is able to give? Because it is not good for man, at least not generally good, that he should have more of *any* good thing than he feels the want of—more than he is able to appreciate. The gardener is willing, he is even more than willing, to give to the balsam at once, at the very first, all the mould which it is ever likely to require. It would save him all the trouble of watching their state of growth, and of repeatedly changing them from one pot to another. But he knows this would not be good for them, and therefore he is content to bestow his watchfulness and labor on them, giving them more mould from time to time, as he knows that they need it, until at length they have as much as enables them to perfect their blossoms and their seeds. Is it not for just the same reason that God acts in like manner with us? Is it not that by receiving only so much nourishment as progressively becomes *needful* for us, as a source of blessed-

ness to us, our exhaustion in useless foliage is kept in check for the benefit of our blossoms and fruit? The plants which exhaust themselves in foliage do not blossom at all, or blossom very weakly. But why should our souls be thus straitened? Why should we not at once receive of his fulness? We do receive of his fulness, as we need; but not all his fulness, not more than we can receive. And in him we are not straitened, but in ourselves. We have all we are capable of profitably receiving; and that this *all* is not greater, lies with our capacity of receiving, and not with his of bestowing. Nor are we positively straitened. The plant is only profited by that quantity of soil which its root can grasp; and if it has as much as that, it is not more straitened in the narrowest vessel that the potter ever framed, than it would be if planted in the midst of the wide plains where the palm-trees flourish.

But again, why limit that grace which is an unfathomable sea? Doubt-

less, just as the surface of the earth offers an almost boundless soil to the balsam, which yet the gardener deems it well to confine within that quantity of it which "vessels of clay" can hold. It is unfathomable, because no one ever sounded its depths; it is illimitable, because no one ever reached its bounds, however lofty his stature, or however magnificent his growth. It is not because that sea is illimitable, that we are to go wide afloat, without restraint of helm or direction of compass, upon its waters. It is not because the sea is unfathomable, that we are to lose ourselves in its world of waters. Let it suffice, that, go as far as we can, there is room yet before us; sound as deep as we can, beyond us are greater depths.

XII.

SWEET WILLIAM must be renewed annually to have the plants in perfection; for although they are perennial, they are subject to decay.

How true is this of man, also, even more true than of the flower—"perennial, yet subject to decay, and needing to be renewed." More true, because man is even more than perennial, and is yet even more than the flower subject to decay. Look at man's life, his earthly frame—how subject, not only to the premature action of disease, like this flower, but to certain decay, even in its best and strongest state.

"And what is life? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill thy stage
With childhood, manhood, and decripid age.
And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay."
Quarles.

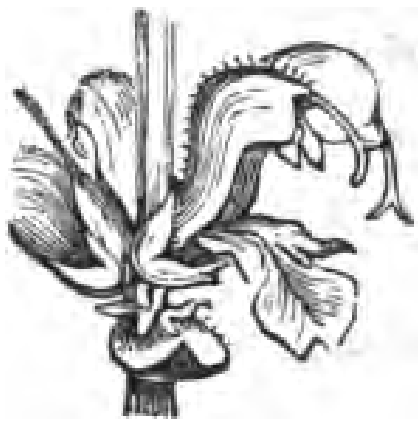
And the same question is asked by an apostle, and answered thus: "What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," James iv. v. 14. But this very comparison of man's mortal life to a flower, is very common in scripture: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass," Isa. xl. v. 6, 7; also Psa. xc. v. 5, 6; ciii. 15, 16; James i. vs. 10, 11; 1 Pet. i. v. 24. And yet this life, while in the form it shows here subject to decay, is perennial the root of being is untouched, while the leaf, the flower, the very stem, have disappeared. From that root shall spring the renewed being, as a flower amaranthine, immortal, subject no more to even the forms of decay and death.

And to us belongs a privilege, which no flower that grows can share with us, that while our bodily frame, our *outward*

man perishes, "the inward man is renewed day by day," 2 Cor. iv. v. 16; renewed, not annually, like the flower, but *day by day*. The flower, if it decays, revives no more; if it dies, dies wholly. But man has an inner life, which may flourish, like the palm, while the outer life decays; and which in itself can never die.

But may not even this inner life decay? Alas, alas! let those answer who remember the ardor of their first love—the love of their espousals. Let those answer who lament the dried up dews of their youth, and the dimness of those eyes which once beheld the King in all his beauty. Nevertheless, let us not be altogether discouraged. Who knows whether, while we seem to have decayed we have merely changed our form of life? Who knows whether, while we have lost something that we had, we have not gained something quite as good, that we had not? Who knows whether our firmer wood, our deeper and more concentrated fragrance, the

matured richness of our fruits, may not be as precious in God's sight as the fresh bloom, the ardent colors, and the diffusive odors of our youth?



XIII.

Great caution is required in watering the MONKEY FLOWER; for it is said that if the leaves be wetted, the whole plant will rot.

IN other words, water, which is good

for the root, is destructive when applied to the leaves. Water is good and necessary for this and all other plants, when properly applied; but is injurious to this and many others, when applied wrongly. To what likeness shall we liken this? In the Scriptures water typifies the good things, the consolations and hopes of the gospel. And are not these good for *all*, and in *all* circumstances? They are not. Can they be wrongly applied? Can they do harm? They can; they may. Let us not deceive ourselves. The revivings and the hopes which Christ purchased with his own blood for us, are only intended for those who are "rooted and grounded in love," Eph. iii. v. 17, and they only can draw true refreshment from them. If we water where we have not sown or planted, our labor is vain. If we apply the waters of spiritual life to that which does not spiritually live; if we give to the soul that which it can not spiritually receive, and from which it is incapable of obtaining real nourishment—it

rests in vain confidences, till it rots and dies. By such unadvised watering we nourish only, we promote the growth only, of that already too abundant class who cry to themselves, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace; and "Hope, hope!" when there is no hope.

Oh, but is it not written, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely?" Rev. xxii. v. 17. Yes, "whosoever *will*:" but who is he that wills? Let us not take circumstances—the circumstances of birth, of education, of disappointment, of world-sickness, of disease, of age; let us not take habit—the habit of talk, of society, of temperament; let us not take any of these for will, for that will which is strong enough to make one "come" in order to "take." He who wills to come and draw from the fountain of living waters, may draw freely. But who is he? He is one who has come *from* somewhere, and who has come *for* something. He has heard the voice which calls him forth from the world and its defilements—"Come out

from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing; and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord God Almighty," 2 Cor. vi. vs. 17, 18. Aroused to the danger of his condition, he begins to thirst for the waters of life. "Let him that is athirst come," Rev. xxii. v. 17. But how shall he escape, for the devouring flames are all around him? He hears again, "I am the door," John x. v. 7. By that door he flies, he escapes; and now he walks at large, safe and at ease, beside the waters. *He* may take of the waters of life freely, for he was athirst, for he has heard, for he has willed, for he has come.

XIV.

Owing to the insufficiency of light afforded to it, the CACTUS seldom blooms well in cottage collections.

THERE are some plants which can only flourish in that light which comes to them as through a glass darkly. But this is not so with many plants; and eminently is it not so with the cactus, which requires much light to flourish well. It is with us as with these plants. To some a degree of light is necessary, which would blind and ruin others; while many go on pleasantly and thrive well, with a kind of dusky light, which would be like the outer darkness to others. Let us not hastily decide that the condition which demands the most light is the best. It may be otherwise. Every one should pray:—

"What in me is dark,
Illumine: what is low, raise and support."

But that which is dark and needs to be illumined, or low and needs to be raised up, is different in different persons. Some are able to walk by faith more than others, who need to walk much by sight. The latter may see more of the mysteries of God, and may be able to take a larger view of things before them, and behind them, and around them. If this is needful, it is well that they should have it. But we know not that they are happier; we know not that they are so happy as those others, who walk very humbly with their God, and are content with even the light that he gives them, so that it be enough to enlighten their way through the valley of the shadow of death. Not that they undervalue light; not that any know better than they, that "the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," Eccles. xi. v. 7; but they are content to wait, and to regard that full enlightenment which they desire, as one of the blessings of the coming time. They

remember the promise, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter," John xiii. v. 7; and on that hereafter they have cast all their hopes: for it they stand and wait.

XV.

There are some very beautiful varieties of the pinks, which are lightly esteemed, because they happen to flower at the same time as the CARNATION.

HERE are plants of the same family and genus, and, to the untutored sense, little different in beauty or in odor; yet the one is more honored than the other, because it possesses certain qualities which the other lacks, and which men have taught themselves to value perhaps too highly; and the other is even less esteemed than it might have been, from the mere fact that it comes under notice at the same time with its more appreciated rival. Is there anything like this in the garden of God? Yes, there is much to be seen there which this simple fact illustrates well. How often do we see Christians of the same essential

class, for the classes are many, occupy a very different place in the churches to which they belong. Men, even Christian men, appreciate little but that which they can themselves see and handle. The love which inhabits the secret chambers of the heart, and delights in the dear solitude of its own thoughts and feelings, is as precious in God's sight, though little heeded by man, as that which proclaims itself in the places of concourse, in continual cries of, "This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem," Cant. V. v. 16. The zeal which leads many to traverse the waste howling wildernesses of this world, many to lift up their voices in the populous cities where Satan reigns; and which renders many willing to suffer the loss of all things, and even to lay down their lives, that Christ may be glorified, this is justly valued by the church. But how do we know that it is of more value in the sight of God himself than that other zeal, which has not learned the sensible eloquence of

action or of words, but which glows like a fire in the heart, and which pours forth continual and fervent prayers, not unaccompanied by tears, of "Father, glorify thy name." John xii. v. 28. In like manner, that faith which can remove mountains, Matt. xvii. v. 20, being more seen by man, is more honored by him than that, equally precious in the sight of God, which bears up under chastenings hard for mere flesh and blood to bear, under the assured conviction that they come from a fatherly hand, and are intended for good.

It is very certain that the inner graces which manifest themselves in outward and visible shapes, must and will ever be the most prized of man. He can not help this, any more than the gardener can help preferring the carnation to the pink; because he can not, as God does, look upon the heart, 1 Sam. xvi. v. 7, and observe what passes there. And doubtless it is our duty, as far as Divine grace has given us power, to display the graces of the Christian

character in forms which men are able to appreciate and understand. It is required that such light as we have should shine before men, that Christ may be glorified in us, Matt. 5, v. 16. Yet if our means or power of manifestation be but small, let us rest content to be overlooked among men, in the assured conviction, that there is not a flame in our most secret soul whose warmth is not felt in heaven, not a tear which is not treasured up, not a sigh which is not heard THERE.

XVI.

Many who have no other means of preserving SCARLET GERANIUMS during winter, shake the earth from their roots, and suspend them head downward, in some cellar or dark room, where they will be safe from the frost. The leaves and shoots will become sickly and yellow; but when planted out toward the end of March, they will speedily recover, and vegetate luxuriantly.

ON entering the room or cellar in which such plants have been suspended during the winter months, no one inexperienced in floriculture would expect that the energies of life remained in them, and that in a few months further they would become vigorous plants, rich in leaves, and beautiful with blossoms. In this, and in many other of the circumstances in which dormant, sickly, or seemingly dead plants are presented to us, how often is the vision

of Ezekiel brought to mind! He beheld a valley full of bones—very many and very dry. He was made to view them closely; and then he was asked: "Son of man, can these bones live?" Now, it is more than likely that if this question had been asked ourselves, we should very readily have answered, "They can not again live." But he was more experienced in the ways of God; and he returned the best possible answer—"Lord God, thou knowest." He was commanded to prophesy to these dry bones; and then the scattered bones united themselves into perfect skeletons, which were soon invested with sinews, flesh, and skin—and lay perfect forms—not living, but ready for life. Again the prophet was commanded to prophesy: "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." And what followed? "The breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army," Ezek. xxxvii. vs. 1—10.

The analogy of these cases is very clear; and although we be not favored with visions like the prophet, there is much in the fields and in the gardens from which the same lessons may be learned. And what is here the lesson which we learn? It teaches much: but we chiefly learn from things like these not to rely much upon appearances: not to be too hasty in giving up all for lost, or in concluding that any of God's creatures on this side the grave, lie beyond the revivifying influences of his Spirit. At this very moment there are, without doubt, thousands lying dead in trespasses and sins; thousands shut up in dark and desolate places, with no signs of life in them; thousands dry, withered, and seemingly only fit to be cast into the oven; thousands such as these, of whom man would despair, who yet will all eventually receive the breath of life, and become strong, beautiful, and fragrant plants, beside that river whose streams make glad the city of God.

XVII.

The AMERICAN ALOE seldom flowers in this country, and when it does it dies.

AND there are some plants of this kind also in our Lord's garden. Most men go on rendering their blossoms and fragrance unto God, year after year, like the greater number of plants in every land. But, as with the American aloe, which dies when it has flowered once, there are some acts and services so great, that they can not be repeated. The man who does them dies. The acts or services may not have been very marked in themselves; there may have been nothing in them to excite or to astonish. But they have been great from the circumstances connected with them, or from the constitution or character of the men by whom they were performed. Whatever the act were in itself, it was one into which all the energies of life

were thrown, and when it was accomplished, the cords of life were broken, and death left nothing more to do or suffer. Who can tell whether that one act, the deed of one season, contains not in itself the same amount of vital energy as suffices most men for the whole of life? This is not blame to one form of operation or praise to another. From some God requires this condensed energy, which throws a life-service into one brief season; from others the diffused energy, whose operations are spread over many of the years men live. "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all," 1 Cor. xii. v. 6; and of such diversity this is a most signal example. Let us not think that this death after flowering once is a sign of weakness; it may be a sign of strength. In my youth, I gave money to see an American aloe in blossom, because it was a wonder; but no one would give money to see any of the plants, as fragrant and beautiful, which display their blossoms

from year to year. In like manner, it is by such remarkable and exhaustive acts, more than by the course of ordinary operations, that the attention of the most careless is arrested, and they are drawn to consider the ways of God to man. What men are they whose length of service and successive blossomings have rendered their memories more dear and eminent than those of Brainerd, Martyn, and such as they? They are indeed the Samsons of their day and generation, whose single deed, though they perish in its accomplishment, is of more note, and of a larger sum, than the long labors of a protracted life.

Let us be consoled when such removals do occur in our own circle: nay, if it be possible, let us rejoice. Our flower has been taken from an ungenial to a genial clime. We know it is there safe for ever. We know that here it could only have been reared with difficulty. The thick growth of surrounding weeds might have choked its growth; a frosty night might have marred all its

beauty; one storm of wind might have snapped its stem, and bent its fair head to the dust. But nothing now can disturb its growth, nothing defile its beauty; nothing can endanger, nothing trouble it more.

XVIII.

Among the CARNATIONS and PINKS, those kinds which burst their sheaths and display their petals equally and at once, are far more highly prized than those which burst first at one place, and then at another, so that all the parts of the blossom are never in equal condition.

THIS quality is not less important and valuable in the Christian character than it is in the pink and the carnation. The several petals of the flower may be compared to the several graces of the Christian character; and there is nothing in this world more beautiful or fragrant than the equal and uniform development of all these graces in the same character. We would not say that this is absolutely necessary; a pink is still a pink, even though it do open its petals irreg-

ularly; and a man is still a Christian, even though the Christian graces be unequally developed in his character. Indeed, not one Christian grace can be developed in any one who is not indeed a Christian, and this renders the analogy the more complete and beautiful. But although it is not well that one or two Christian graces should be developed, while others are undeveloped or neglected, it by no means follows that when all are developed, some one or more may not spread forth with peculiar vigor and luxuriance. Of all the men whose Christian character has been much known to us, St. Paul is the one in whom *all* the Christian graces were the most vigorously displayed; yet even in him we can discover that ZEAL burst out eminently beyond his other graces.

And by this mention of one whose words and memory are so dear to every Christian heart, we are strongly reminded of many beautiful passages, in which *he* dwells on the importance of that completeness of Christian character

which we now attempt to illustrate. How earnestly does he desire that Christians "may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ!" Eph. iv. v. 15. How strongly does he exhort the Colossians to "put on, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering!"—not one or two of these graces, but all of them: and if there is one grace which he would have more gloriously displayed than any other, it is love ("charity"); love to Christ, manifested by love to all who are in him. For he adds: "And above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness," Col. iii. vs. 12, 14. This high grace, indeed, contains all the others; and hence its pre-eminence. It is "the bond of perfectness"—the golden circlet which contains and combines them all. Hear also how he communicates to the same church the salutations of one of their Christian friends who was with him when he wrote: "Epaphras, who is

one of you, a servant of Christ, saluteth you, always laboring fervently for you in prayers, that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God," Col. iv. v. 12. Nor are the other apostles neglectful of this matter. St. Peter, in particular, says—"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity," 2 Pet. i. vs. 5—7. Observe how he binds up the whole with love (charity), like St. Paul: observe also what follows (verse 9): "He that lacketh these things is blind." He does not say, "He who has none of these things is blind;" but that he who lacketh *them*, collectively, is blind. Now "blind" is the very word which florists apply to pinks and carnations, when they protrude but a single petal from the sheath, and keep the others closed.

XIX.

The CARTHUSIAN PINK (*Dianthus Carthusianorum*) will, in a fertile soil, often have fifteen blossoms on one stem; in a barren soil fewer, and sometimes only one.

HERE the soil may be taken to represent the circumstances under which the soul is placed, and the flowers the produce of Christian graces and characteristics. We may safely believe, that the produce is here as much influenced and determined by the soil in the one case as in the other. It is a great matter that the seed is sown: it is a great matter that a plant springs from it: it is a great matter that there are any flowers. All this is good. But if that which naturally produces but one or a few flowers, can in a good soil produce many, let it, if by any means possible, be planted in that soil without delay. Or if that which naturally yields many flowers, is

prevented from producing more than one or two by the unfavorable circumstances in which it is placed, let it be removed from them without delay. As much depends upon soil in the one case as in the other. There are situations in which the soul is starved and rendered unproductive by the circumstances which surround it. And the worst of it is, that the soul is itself not sensible that this is a poor condition of spiritual being; and hence the putting forth of one or two of the flowers of Christian grace is regarded with a satisfaction which would be changed to dismay, were it clearly understood what numerous flowers, beautiful and acceptable to God, the regenerated heart *can* bear.

XX.

Several of the PINKS are much admired for the liveliness of their colors, although their odor is not so sweet, nor their blossoming so long, as others of humbler hue.

OF late years there has been an increasing disposition among florists to set the highest value upon those plants whose flowers gratify the eye by their forms and color, to the comparative neglect of those which are remarkable only for their fragrance. It is observable that few plants of rich colors or handsome form are of much fragrance, which is possessed almost exclusively by plants of humble appearance.

Now, in the character of many Christians, there are certain shining, active qualities, which may be compared to color in flowers; and as this is more apparent to our grosser senses, is more

easily discovered and understood, there is a disposition to prize and honor it beyond the long but unostentatious blossoming, and deep inward fragrance of those of more retired and quiet character, who are but little seen of men—even of their fellow-Christians, but whose odor comforts and delights the house in which they dwell, and who are ever present to God, and ever dear to him.

This exclusive admiration which we are apt to bestow upon the colors of Christian character, to the undervaluing of those fragrant qualities, which often lurk remote, in obscure corners and solitary places, is not without its dangers. Many have there been, who have possessed these active and shining parts of Christian character in a very eminent degree, and who, in consequence, were much admired of men, and were highly useful in their day and generation; but in whom it was difficult to discover those more fine and delicate developments, which would be more likely to

be found among those more quiet and obscure Christians, who indulge in much solitary meditation on the mysteries of Divine providence, and of Divine love.

There is a touch of this in one of Milton's poems (a sonnet), which it is difficult to read without emotion. We all know that he became blind in his latter days; and was thus necessarily shut out from those more active labors and pursuits which, by thoughtless men, have always been the most highly esteemed. He seems to have felt this strongly, and was urged to ask—

"Does God exact *day* labor, *light* denied?"

And what is the beautiful answer which Patience gives to this very natural question?—

"God does not need
Either man's works or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

XXI.

COCKSCOMBS bear cold better than heat. They can stand the severest of our winters; but a few days of exposure to the hot sun destroy young plants.

"THERE is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory," 1 Cor. xv. v. 41. Just so various—as various as the flowers of the field—are the differences of Christian temper and character. They err very greatly who, being of the world, imagine that all who are subject to the renewings of the Holy Spirit, are thereby brought to one dead level of character and feeling. But indeed Christian influences do not destroy the things which mark man from man, but preserve them all, and sanctify them all. But, differ as they may in other respects,

they nearly all agree in this, that while in the world, cold is better for them than heat. But this does not mean the coldness of hope or feeling, but the coldness of life and circumstances. How many have there been, who, like this flower, have borne well, have indeed flourished under the severest chills of life, and have held high their heads in the severest winters! These outer chills had but called forth the vital warmth which God had placed within them, and by which they grew and flourished. though all around them was cold—their fortunes cold and cheerless —friends colder still—and earth-born hopes cold altogether. But when this season has passed by, and the sweet spring-time returns, and the atmosphere becomes mild, the result is found to be strengthening and beneficial, and the Christian can truly say—

"How pleasant is that *now*, which heretofore
My heart held bitter."

On the other hand, how many are

they, who were strong and glorious in "the time of cold," when they lived upon the warmth which was within them; but who have been dissolved and lost in the unwholesome sunshine of earthly joys, in the glow of human passions, or in the lurid heat of this world's good opinion and rank applause.

XXII.

The perennial CHINESE ASTER so greatly deteriorates the soil in which it stands, that, unless moved every year, it becomes, in a very few years, too weak to blossom.

So is it with the plants which God has removed from the wilderness of this world into his own garden. So is it with the Christian. He must move on from place to place, year by year developing new graces, and day by day making new discoveries of the love of God, and of his own riches in Christ. He can not stand still; there is no such thing as standing still in his experience. His spiritual life, to be healthy, must be a life of growth, of movement, of progress. Constantly moving on upon virgin soil, from that which has become deteriorated by the cast-off taints of his old nature; constantly growing in grace,

and in the knowledge of his God and Savior; constantly going on from strength to strength, until he at length appears before God in Zion, Ps. lxxxiv. v. 7. Yes, we must be always advancing; always forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forward to the better and higher things before. This exercise is necessary to the vigor of our spiritual frame, and to the beauty of our countenance. Without it, we may indeed live, just live; but without it, the soil in which we stand becomes more and more deteriorated day by day; and day by day we become more and more weak, until at length blossoms appear no more upon us, and we are incapable of bearing fruit. This state is not without danger. There is danger that the decree should go forth to cut down, as mere cumberers of the ground, plants of so little use or beauty.

XXIII.

The ARBUTUS, or Strawberry-tree, takes a year to ripen its fruit.

IT is impossible for any plant to ripen

its fruit in a day; but here is one which takes a whole year before its fruit is fully ripe. So it is, relatively, with many Christians. The fruits of Christian grace appear very soon, and even at their first appearance are very pleasant and reviving. But in the common nature of things, these early fruits have not that mellow ripeness, which only long and varied experience in the ways of God and of man can bestow. This experience requires time, as all experience does. But the length of this time varies greatly in different persons—as much so as in different plants! From the analogies of nature, we should suppose that the fruit which takes the most time in ripening, ought to be the best and richest. But it is not so always in the natural world; nor is so generally in the spiritual world. This length of time implies some deficiency of energy and vital warmth in the soul. The principle of life is there, but not in fruit-ripening strength. Besides, where the season of fruits is so long delayed, the

period for their enjoyment is short in proportion to the delay. And, moreover, that fruit which takes a year to ripen, can not be equally ripening all the while, because it can not be under equally favorable conditions of the sun and air. That which takes a year to ripen, can not all the year have the summer sunshine and balmy air. There must be a winter in that year—winter with its cold and rain—during which certainly the fruit can make small progress in ripening, though it still hangs upon the bough. No, it is best and happiest that our fruits should be of season. What avails it that we hang in mere existence upon the bough so long—not growing, not ripening to higher perfection than the fruits which ripened sooner, but only not falling to the ground? What profit is it that the fruit should thus be exposed to ungenial seasons, only at last to do that which others do in the pleasant time of summer? It is the duty of the disciples of Christ to bear "much fruit," John xv. v. 5; and if it

be not their duty, it is at least pleasant and profitable, that their fruitage should not be unduly delayed—that their fruits may be fruits of season.

XXIV.

Dahlias require to have their roots taken up from the ground, that they may be protected from the damp and frost of winter.

In this the dahlia is more privileged than we. We are as little able as the dahlia to endure with safety that our roots should be left in the earth, in the damps and frosts of our winter seasons: but our roots are never taken up and housed safely during that season. Some of our root-fibres, however few, remain in the earth at all seasons, even though by "being rooted and grounded in love," Eph. iii. v. 17—the love of Christ, we derive our substantial nourishment from a soil not earthly. And these same roots in the earth, however few—what pain they make us suffer! Indeed, are they not the true source of all the pain

which those who are "rooted in Christ," Col. ii. v. 7, can suffer now? That thus some roots of ours may remain in earth, may seem a small matter in the time of sunshine and of flowers. But how shall we endure the biting winds, the keen frosts, and the soaking rains of winter? They do distress us; but they do not destroy us, unless *all* our root-fibres are in earth. If they are not, we live on, we increase, we grow, by means of the nourishment and strength brought to us by the root-fibres which have stretched into heavenly soil. Yet still, while we live this life, with some of our roots in earth, we are, in a degree, kept by them to the earth, detained, imprisoned, tied up. How often are we reminded of this! How often, when our souls are drawn heavenward by all the strong attractions of a Savior's love, and when we seem all ready, and burning with ardor, to flee swifter than eagles to our home—how often then does some strong pang remind us that we are still "fettered and bound up in clay," and

that some of our roots are still in the earth!

"Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain,
In vain I offer my extended hands;
I can not mount till thou unlink my chain,
I can not come till thou release my bands."

XXV.

The SYRINGA, or Mock Orange, will grow in any close place, endure any soil, and thrive even under the drip of trees.

THESE are conditions generally most unfavorable to the growth of plants: but, as in this case, we see that there are some which can not only endure these generally ungenial circumstances, but can grow and thrive under them. Christians of this nature, or rather of this character, are sometimes found; and they are not only the honorable, but the happy of the earth. They are those who see the hand of a kind father in all things; and whose strong faith can not be cast down, or even discouraged, by any human circumstances in which they can be placed. Job could say, under such calamities as few have been called to bear: "Shall we receive good

at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" Job ii. v. 10. But such persons can go farther than Job. They do not count any of these things "evil." In the strong belief that all things are intended to work together for good to them that love God, Rom. viii. v. 28, they rather say—"It is good for me that I have been," or that I am, "afflicted; that I might learn thy precepts," Psalm cxix. v. 71. They feel it good that their faith should be strongly exercised by things hard and difficult for flesh to bear; good even that the privation of sunshiny days, the cold and dark shade of overbranching trees, and the chilling drip of the world's neglect or scorn—good that all this should make this life less pleasant, less seducing, and the life to come more attractive and more dear. It is not possible for all Christians to feel thus; for the love of Christ does not necessarily make all men alike in their character and feeling. They remain as various as the trees of the forest, or the flowers of the field. Men are

not required to offer to God all the same incense. Some offer him myrrh, some frankincense, some balsam, some aloes —and with all he is well pleased. Nor is it needful that we offer to him all the same kind of flowers: all that he requires is, that they should be the flowers of the heart.

"Faith is a fruitful grace;
Well-planted, stores the place;
Fills *all* the borders, beds, and bowers,
With wholesome herbs and pleasant flowers."

Fills them all—the shaded and the moist, no less than the sunshiny and the dry. But although it is not needful that all the plants of God's husbandry should, like the syringa, flourish well in the most adverse circumstances, they are the happiest and safest that can do so; happiest and safest for this world, and for the world to come.

XXVI.

The flowers of the BIGNONIA never fade, but drop off when at maturity.

THE comparison, drawn from the garden of God, which this suggests, is very beautiful. Many, very many of the most lovely and fragrant of the flowers which grow there, like those of the bignonia, never fade, never know weakness or decay; but, in the fulness of that visible glory which God has given to them, in the highest vigor of their strength, the props of life are suddenly broken, and they fall at once to the earth from which they were taken.

If we make this similitude refer to the natural life, how often is it that we see the servants of God drop off, at the very time when their Christian character, their love, their zeal, seems to have

attained the highest condition; and the very time when they are the most

needed in the world, when they are the most completely fitted for useful ser-

vices, and when indeed the means are in their hands, and when the fields of labor were already white for the harvest, which they stood ready to gather in! What shall we say to these things? Let us say that we have been mistaken. We thought they were maturing for fitness to serve the church below; but they were really maturing for fitness to grace and ornament the church above. They were ripening not for this world, but for the world to come. And let us not deem that a grief which is really a most privileged condition. God loves the church which he has redeemed with unspeakable love. And his love for the fold often prevents certain marks of especial favor to the sheep. Undoubtedly it would be better, individually, for all the members of Christ's flock, that they should be hurried off to the marriage supper of the Lamb, as soon as ever they have put on their marriage raiment—as soon as ever their lamps burn bright and clear. But regard for the good of the church prevents this

mark of favor from being generally shown. The flowers of God's garden are not always gathered at maturity, to their own great benefit; but for the greater benefit of the church, are left, rooted and grounded in Christ, to encounter the fierce and chilling winds, to be scorched by suns that burn too hotly, to sicken, to decay, to live on in that decay, and not at length to fall into the grave, until a spectacle has been made, to men and angels, of the renewings which the inward man receives day by day, while the outward man perishes.

XXVII.

That splendid shrub, the AZALEA, requires no pruning beyond the cutting out of the dead wood.

THE labor and cares of our great Husbandman with us, the plants of his garden, are not so soon over as ours with the azalea. Even after the dead wood has been cut out of us—after we have, essentially, "put off the old man with his deeds," Col. iii. v. 9, we still need frequent pruning, and that to the quick—through flesh, and bone, and marrow—till the blood flows abundantly, and cries of human pain arise. Oh, how much is there not that needs sharp pruning in us! here is an over-topping shoot of arrogance, and there a stiff stem of pride; here is an exhausting sucker of worldly confidence, and there

a lank, drooping stem of doubtfulness; here an unsightly branch of envy, and

there rank leaves of wilfulness. All this must be cut out. And if the Lord loves

us, he will cut it out; but if he cared not for us, he would perhaps leave it alone. When, therefore, we feel this sharp pruning-knife at work upon us, let us take comfort from such passages of scripture as teach us his object in these severe operations. "You only have I known of all the families of the earth: *therefore* I will punish you all for your iniquities," Amos iii. v. 2. "When we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world," 1 Cor. xi. v. 32. "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent," Rev. iii. v. 19.

When we see a gardener engaged in pruning a plant, we have confidence in him, that this seemingly harsh and merciless operation is for the good and the strengthening of the plant. This conviction is grounded on our knowledge that he can not possibly have any other motive than to do the plant good, and to render it strong and beautiful; and in our conviction that he perfectly well

knows how best the good he designs may be effected. Have we this confidence in the gardener, and shall we not have at least equal confidence in God? And when we see or feel that he is thus operating upon ourselves or others, shall we not believe that he entirely designs our good, and is perfectly acquainted with the most effectual means of producing the good which he intends? In this conviction let us cry,

"Lord, empty all thy quivers, let there be
No corner of my spacious heart left free,
Till all be but one wound, wherein
No subtle, sight-abhorring sin
May lurk in secret, unespied by me;
Or reign in power unsubdued by thee;
Perfect thy purchased victory,
That thou mayst ride triumphantly,
And, leading captive all captivity,
Mayst put an end to enmity in me."

Harvey.

XXVIII.

Florists generally disregard stray, self-sown plants; as they find that the best and strongest plants are from seed which has been collected and dried. But there are some seeds, as those of the ARBUTUS, which require to be sown immediately when they are ripe.

LET us be as hopeless as the florist of really good things from such seed as we can plant in the naturally poor and barren soil of our own hearts. Whatever grows from such seed, however fair and showy to the eye, can have no substantial root. Under the strong heats of human passions, it dries up, and passes quickly away. Whatever of good grows in us, whatever in us is beautiful or fragrant, whatever is able to endure the suns and the storms of life, must spring from seed of God's own

planting, which he has duly fitted and prepared for the soil which is to receive it, and for which he has chosen the fitting time of sowing. Let us believe that there is nothing strong, nothing great, nothing good in the sight of God, which can spring up of its own accord within us. It is only those plants which from the very seed have been the special objects of the Great Gardener's own care, that can spread their roots wide beside the living waters, and grow large and beautiful, so as to yield shade to the weary, and reviving fragrance to the faint. Without this care, we may be well assured that the soil of our hearts will still remain—

"Barren of what is good; and all the grain
It will bring forth,
As of its own accord, will not be worth
The pains of gathering
So poor a thing.
Some faint desire,
That quickly will expire,
Wither, and die, is all thou canst expect,
If thou neglect
To sow it when 'tis ready."

Harvey.

XXIX.

In the garden it is always needful to keep young plants clear from weeds.

God has given me many children—sons and daughters—and I find it as needful to keep my nursery of children as my nursery of flowers free from weeds. Young children are quite as much as young plants, infested by them, and perhaps more. And what are these weeds? Even as the weeds of our garden are themselves plants, and injure not by offence, but by intertwining their roots with those of the plants, and drawing away their needful nourishment; so is it with the weeds which infest the minds and characters of our young children. They are things which seem good to them, pleasant, proper; things

suitable to the natural impulses of character and feeling; things prone to intertwine with the root-fibres of the heart, and unknowingly to draw away the nourishment which the heart needs, and by which it can live indeed. Alas, alas! the enemy has sown his tares among our wheat, and hence the weeds which encumber the sprouting grain. Here are weeds of passion, shooting up with rapid and heated growth, and then bending, breaking, with the weight of their tops, and falling from mere waste of strength. Here are weeds of wrong feeling, twining tendril-wise around their bane, and turning aversely from that which would give support and nourishment. Here are weeds of falseness, turning their faces from the sun toward the walls and the dark corners of the garden. Here are weeds of ignorance, intractable ignorance, bending their heads toward the earth, as if the sunshine and upper air were evil things. And here are weeds of evil knowledge —too early knowledge of things best

unknown, imparting an inflated and watery growth, insubstantial, unpleasant, and full of acrid and poisonous juices.

And who is sufficient for these things? What shall the parental husbandman do in the garden God has committed to his culture? Let him not despair; all is not wrong and evil. There is much that is pleasant, much very fragrant, much that is beautiful, to cheer his labors and reward his care. Let him prune, let him root up, let him cut down: let him be ever wakeful, not leaving that to gather strength which should be pulled up as soon as it appears above the ground. But, ah! who can effectually pull up things rooted deep within? Lo, that which he plucked yesterday, is up again to-day, and as strong for evil. Here there is a difference between our young plants and our young children. With care we can keep the former free from weeds, but no possible care enables us to keep the latter weedless. The thing is too great for us; the

cause lies deep in the soil, which is, by its very nature, friendly to the growth of weeds. We must do all we can, and God will generally, in some way or other, bless every effort made honestly in his faith and fear. But we may be sure, that where so many weeds so spontaneously grow,

"There wants a principle within"—

a principle unfriendly to the growth of weeds: and the very best thing that we can do, is to be fervent in prayer, that God, who, through Jesus Christ, is so abundant in mercy to those who love him, Exod. xx. v. 6, will impart this principle to their children. This is conversion; this is to be born again.

XXX.

Many young plants perish, if moved before they have rooted well.

To the young plants of the spiritual garden, change is also a serious thing, whether the youth be that of time or of experience. Until the Christian character has rooted well, it should be left quietly to cast forth all its root-fibres, and fix them deep. By removal, the quiet but vitally important operations going on below the surface are disturbed by new combinations, new circumstances, new objects of attention; and it is often difficult, often impossible, often only by painful constraints, that the dropped clue can be recovered, the diverted stream restored to the channel in which it flowed.

How many things like this has not every one of mature years beheld! How promisingly have not our young Christian plants thriven in our own garden, and under our own care! How strong, how fair, how flourishing they seemed, promising much future glory to God, and benefit to man. But they were removed, put forth into the world, before they had really rooted well; and how marvellously soon they faded; how soon their delicate bloom passed from them; how soon the tender blossoms dropped their unpropped heads into the dust. No! let us not underrate the force of altered scenes and circumstances upon our young plants. It is only the strong and matured character to whom all such things are equal; and that because it has been able so to interlace all its root-fibres with the soil, that it is removed with them, and can not easily be separated from them; whereas the young unrooted plants have not such hold on the soil as enables them to bear away in their removals the mould essen-

tial to their preservation. No, it is only "long experience" which can sing—

"All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

"To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On every shore, since God is there."

XXXI.

Young plants, when removed from the soil in which they were sown, to that in which they are designed to blossom, require to be protected both from sun and shade till they have taken new root.

Not only from sun, but from shade; both of which are good for the rooted plant, but are injurious till it has taken root in the new soil. So it is with the Christian; and every skilful workman in the Lord's own garden knows how to deal tenderly with the newly-transplanted and not yet well-rooted plants, and how to guard them from every offensive influence. They must not have too much sun—they can not yet bear it. And yet, let them not have too much shade; for although they are not able to endure "the sun's direct-

er ray," they faint and droop if too much withdrawn from *its influence*. There is nothing in which the tender and judicious care of the spiritual, as of the natural gardener, is more required, than in this treatment of the plants newly transplanted out of the wilderness of this world into that garden of the Lord in which they are designed to grow, to blossom, and to diffuse their fragrance. Who knows the extent to which the future Christian character may not be influenced by the treatment which it then receives! Who can estimate the final result of the exciting, dazzling, bewildering, exhausting effect of premature exposure to the sun's full beam; or who calculates the condition of permanent languor and discouragement, which may ensue from excess of shade at the beginning! Really, there scarcely seems a more anxious and important responsibility in the world, than that which falls upon those who have the care of souls thus newly changed. But if we need guidance in this difficul-

ty—and we *do* need it very much—let us repair to that great master of all Christian conduct and Christian wisdom, the apostle Paul, and be instructed by the tenderness and care which he, in such cases, exercised: "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able," 1 Cor. iii. v. 2. "Ye are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness; for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil," Heb. v. vs. 12—14.

XXXII.

Poisonous plants are more generally attractive than otherwise. Thus, KALMIA is a deadly poisonous shrub, but very handsome.

How many of the plants which grow by the wayside, in our journey through life, are, like these, pleasant to the eye, but not good for food! At the commencement of the journey, in the bright morning of our day, such plants abound about our path, and with the strong attraction of their beauty, mutely beseech us to take and eat. Happy and blessed of God are they, who are enabled to withhold their hand from plucking these dangerous fruits; but who, even in these early stages of their journey, can keep its appointed end in view, and press right onward to "the mark for the prize

they advance, their course becomes in this respect less beset with the temptation. The beautiful poisons become less and less numerous in the hedges which bound that "narrow way" by which we travel hence; and such as do exist, the more practised sense is better able—taught of God to distinguish between good and evil—to estimate at their true value, and to pass disregarded by.

But how many are there whom these seductive poisons have ruined! Many are they whose sun has gone down in darkness, but whose morning was bright and fair, and who set forth with bounding steps, their hearts beating high with ardent hopes and generous impulses. Perhaps they too much trusted to the strength and vigor of their youthful limbs, and felt too faintly the need of Divine guidance and protection. But certainly they forgot that it is not *now* for man—

> "To dally with the crested worm,
> Or stroke his azure neck, or to receive
> The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue."

"They would but taste"—"A little could not do much harm."—They took and ate: the taste was sweet; or, even in acidity, pleasant: more was tasted, more was eaten, till the slow poison worked in the blood, the brain, the bones; tainting the sources of life, and weakening the springs of action and of judgment. Such a one soon learns to feed upon things which poison all the truth of life: he soon learns to call evil good, if he does not also call good evil; and, unless that grace and that love which are without limit interpose, a soul is lost. Many others, who, after yielding to the temptation, find out their danger, and brace up their loins anew, may be often seen to smite with pain and sorrow on their breast, as they look back on that fearful time, of which they are often reminded by sudden throes and flitting agonies, arising from that disturbance in the whole system of healthful life produced by the former passage of that poison through the veins.

XXXIII.

In various species of plnnts, as the GERANIUM, it is observed that the least valuable varieties are the easiest, and the most beautiful the most difficult to propagate.

THIS is also observed to be true in most other things. And the fact that everything of high excellence is so difficult to produce and rear, is a powerful argument from natural things, to show that the world in which we dwell is indeed a fallen world. But let us confine our attention within a narrower range of illustration—to the children who sport around our hearth—to the olive branches round about our table. Has it not been here so often observed as to pass into a proverb, that the most beau-

tiful of them all, the most gifted, the brightest, the fairest, the most promising, are the most difficult to preserve, the soonest blighted, the first to die away? How irresistibly does this suggest to us that the air and soil of this world, desolated by sin, are ungenial to whatever is fair and lovely, to those very things which we should be the most anxious to preserve and the most afraid to lose! How often have we seen parental hearts tremble in the feeling, that the child which God had given to them manifested fine and lovely qualities in that degree, which experience has taught men to regard as a mark for removal to that genial climate where the Sun of Righteousness always shines, and where no evil thing can live!

A poet has thus expressed his feelings:—

"But why in anguish weep?
Hope beams upon my view:
'Tis but a winter's sleep;
My flowers shall spring anew;
Each darling flower in earth that sleeps,
O'er which fond memory hangs and weeps.

" All to new life shall rise,
In heavenly beauty bright ;
Shall charm my ravished eyes,
In teints of rainbow light ;
Shall bloom unfading in the skies,
And drink the dews of paradise."

XXXIV.

Many plants only thrive well in poor, starved, and sandy soils; in rich soils they rot off, or else grow rankly, with abundance of leaves, but no flowers. Such are the DAHLIA, ACACIA, MYRTLE, and many others.

THIS is one of the many cases in which the culture of the soul resembles that of flowers; and in which the operations of the Great Husbandman are like those which are performed by the skilful gardener to make his plants blossom abundantly. Like such plants, man's life—that is, the life of his soul—consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth, Luke xii. v. 15; but it is rather necessary to keep down that abundance, to reduce him, to bring low his substantial nourishment, that he may live indeed, and "bear

much fruit." There are more even of souls than of plants which need this treatment. How often does a rich and stimulating soil—ease, comfort, abundance of this life's good things—rot the soul, and make it productive only in things that profit not: leaves, leaves, leaves—nothing but leaves; no fruit or flowers. In this fitness of a poor and starved soil to our spiritual nourishment, and to our growth in grace, it is with us as with the Hebrews in Egypt, who, the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew, Exod. i. vs. 11, 12. It is with us also, as with them, in this, that it was only in the desert, in the sandy wastes of Sinai and of Arabia Petræa, that they were fed with manna, and allowed to "eat angels' food," Psa. lxxviii. v. 25; but when they entered the land flowing with milk and honey, and began to eat of its abundance, the manna ceased, Josh. v. v. 12.

Now certainly, this process of keeping the outward condition, or the mind, or the body, in a chastened state, that

the soul may live and grow, is not pleasant to the flesh; far from it. But what then? ("No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby," Heb. xii. v. 11.)

XXXV.

All flowering plants placed in windows, will turn their blossoms to the light. To do this, very violent efforts are sometimes made; and no contrivance can induce them to present their show of blossoms to the inner darkness.

WHAT a beautiful instinct is this! alas, alas, that the like instinct should be so contrary to the nature of fallen man! 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all," 1 John i. v. 5; and from him flows all that light to which man should turn, and in which he should bask with gladness. He did so once; but no sooner had he fallen, than he turned away, he hid himself, Gen. iii. v. 8, from the light which had once been the source of all his blessedness. Since then the children of Adam have been under two conditions of being, in one of which they are unlike, and in the

other like the flower. Our Lord himself has discriminated these conditions: "Light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God," John iii. vs. 19—21. The man in his naturally fallen state—the man whose deeds are evil, not only does not turn *to* the light, but turns *from* it as a thing "hateful" to him. Foolish creature!—miserable man! how do not even the flowers rebuke thee! But if thou wilt not hear Moses and the prophets—if thou wilt not hear Christ and his apostles, how shall a flower instruct thee?

But happy they, the happiest of their kind, those other men whom the Spirit from on high has visited—whose eyes have been anointed with eye-salve, that they may see; and who do see

"Things invisible to flesh and blood."

They see that God is light, and to that light they turn their leaves, their flowers, their branches, with insatiate desire for "more light, more light!" They never think that they have enough of light: for the light by which they live, like the natural light, does not burst upon them in one sudden, unendurable blaze, but goes on increasing from the morning twilight to the perfect day, Prov. iv. v. 18; and when at last the noon of such light as he can in this life bear, is reached, he knows that it is but as the morning twilight of the world to come. Under this view, he will still, even in his most illumined condition, be often heard to cry:—

"How long! how long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting spring? How long shall darkness soil
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of springful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn?" *Quarles.*

XXXVI.

There are many plants, which at their original introduction into this country were supposed incapable of bearing our winter climate, and were treated with great tenderness, as green-house or even hot-house plants. But it was grndually discovered that they were quite hardy, and they have now become the pride of our gardens.

This strongly brings to mind many Christians of tender and delicate character, gentle, sensitive, amiable, soft; those who love to bask in the soft purple beams of the gospel light; to whom the yoke of Christ is indeed easy, and to whom even the burden of the cross, which in all sincerity of heart they have taken up, seems as light and as easy to bear as a branch of triumphal palm. These seem as the green-house plants of the Lord's garden. We love them, we cherish them, they are dear to our

hearts; yet we rejoice over them with trembling; we are inclined to wish them some of the more sturdy qualities of Christian character; and often do we, almost unconsciously, pray for them, that they may be kept from the hard things of Christian experience, the sharp trials, the grievous wrongs, the fearful inner and outer struggles, which shake even the forest oaks, and which tender and delicate plants like these seem but ill able to endure.

Well: how often are not these apprehensions proved to be groundless! And, as if on purpose to show this, how often do we not see men of this character called forth from their quiet shades, to become a spectacle to angels and to men, 1 Cor. iv. v. 9; and to fight the good fight of faith, 1 Tim. vi. v. 12, against opposing iniquities! Lo, they come forth with all their armor on, Eph. vi. v. 13, and with all their weapons keen. What blows they suffer, and fall not! and what heavier blows they inflict, till the enemy sinks before them, and they

come off more than conquerors, through him that loved them! Rom. viii. v. 37. And where was the mystery? They were "rooted and grounded in love," Eph. iii. v. 17. *That* we knew: but we knew not, neither did they know until the trial came, that love—that gift passing all others—is irresistible in all things, whether for action or suffering; and that, sustained and impelled thereby, the most mild and softened form of Christian character can rouse up, when occasion calls, into such strength and magnificence of action and character, as men would call heroic, if manifested in and for objects which the world can appreciate and understand.

XXXVII.

The FLAX, though humble in appearance, is far more useful than many plants which are much more gaudy and imposing.

So it is with man. Virtue and usefulness are confined to no rank or station or calling among men. It is often the case, that true worth is found in the lowly and humble cottage, while vice is seen in the most stately mansion.

Let not the good and virtuous be cast down by the apparent prosperity of the wicked. Let them persevere amid adversity, with full reliance upon the promises contained in the holy scriptures, that after many days they shall see God's face. We know that the vicious in life are often, to all external appearances,

prosperous, contented, and happy. But who can read their hearts? Who can remove the veil, and see their inmost meditations? Often, when all is apparently well with the wicked man, the worm which never dieth, devours his heart, and the still small voice of conscience speaks to him in irresistible language, of lost opportunities, of future punishments.

Persevere, then, in well-doing, thou virtuous man, who despondest; satisfied that, through God's goodness, you will find your reward.

XXXVIII.

Many exotic plants, which are annual or biennial in our climate, are perennial in that from which they came; as the MIGNIONETTE, which is annual with us, but is a perennial shrub in its native Barbary.

IT is not so with man. He thrives best as an exotic; and it is only when he has been plucked up out of the soil of his rank native corruptions, and removed far off into God's own garden, that he can perennially flourish. Let it be our prayer to see thousands rooted up daily from that native soil in which thousands daily die, and transplanted into

"————the garden, walled around,
Chosen, and made peculiar ground:
The little spot, enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

There—reversing the order of this illustration, in our way from the natural to the spiritual garden—the plants of "God's husbandry," 1 Cor. iii. 9, however poor, puny, and scentless, they once were, become "as lign aloes which the Lord hath planted; as cedar trees beside the waters," Numb. xxiv. v. 6. And although their altered proportions may not be "seen of men," being one of those things which are "spiritually discerned," their beauty and ample growth are such as God in heaven delights to contemplate, and their fragrance such as angels love to inhale; and not only so, but such as, like the mignionette, impart comfort and refreshings to many who, although in God's sight but "a little lower than the angels," toil in obscure corners at the needle or the loom, and have only this to remind them of the dews of heaven, the fatness of the earth, and the precious things of the everlasting hills.

XXXIX.

The plants called "annual" are those that die after they have once blossomed; and if prevented from flowering, they may be kept alive for two or more years. Their vocation is to blossom, and to form seed; and when that object of their existence is accomplished, be it sooner or later, they hasten to die.

JUST after this manner is it with the servants of God. Christ himself said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" Luke xii. v. 50. So, in his degree, has every one of God's servants something to do, or something to suffer. And how is *he* "straitened"—hemmed in*—till it be accomplished. This condition of his life is partly a privilege, and partly a restriction. It is

* This is the meaning of the Greek word *συνέχομαι*.

a privilege, inasmuch as he *can not* die till, in suffering or doing, he has blossomed and borne fruit. Nothing can touch his life till then. Till then, he has no cause to be "afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand; but it shall not come nigh him," Psalm xci. verses 5—7. He must "accomplish, as an hireling, his day," Job xiv. v. 6, and his day's work; and till that is done, not all the powers of hell or earth can touch one hair of his head for harm.

And yet, in another point of view, this very privilege is a restriction to many of God's servants, whom his grace has ripened fully for heaven. They, many of them, have a burning desire "to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better," Phil. i. v. 23—far better than to be tossed about upon the waves of life's troubled sea. But they can not go,

they must not go, till the work they have to do is done, or till the things they have to suffer are accomplished. Then their Lord's chariot-wheels will not be long in coming: not long will it be before they hear his voice: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" Matt. xxv. v. 21.

XL.

EMBLEMS OF FLOWERS.

Acacia, friendship
Acacia Pink, elegance
Acanthus, art
Aconite, misanthropy
Adonis, sorrow
Agnus Castus, coldness
Agrimony, gratitude
Allspice, benevolence
Almond, indiscretion
Aloe, affliction
Amaranth, immortality
Amaryllis, pride
Ambrosia, mutual love
Star Wort, welcome
Anemone, forsaken
Angelica, inspiration
Angrec, royalty
Apple, temptation
Arum, ardor
Ash Tree, grandeur
Aspen, lamentation
Asphodel, regret
Auricula, painting
Azalea, temperance
Balm of Gilead, relief
Balsam, impatience
Barberry, ill temper
Basil, hatred
Bay, glory
Beech, prosperity
Belladonna, silence
Bell-flower, constancy
Betony, surprise
Bilberry, treachery.
Birch, meekness
Bittersweet, truth
Black Thorn, difficulty
Borage, bluntness
Box, stoicism
Bramble, envy

Broom, humility
Buckbean, repose
Bugloss, falsehood
Bulrush, indiscretion
Burdock, importunity
Buttercup, ingratitude
Cabbage, gain
Cactus, warmth
Camelia, excellence
Camomile, energy
Cedar Tree, strength
Centaury, delicacy
Chicory, frugality
China Pink, aversion
Citron, illnature
Clematis, artifice
Clotbur, pertinacity
Clove Tree, dignity
Cobœa, gossip
Columbine, folly
Convolvulus, repose
Corn Cockle, gentility
Cornell, duration
Coronella, success
Cowslip, pensiveness
Crepis, protection
Cress, resoluteness
Crocus, abuse not
Cyclamen, diffidence
Cypress, mourning
Daffodil, self-love
Dahlia, instability
Daisy, innocence
Dandelion, foresight
Darnel, vice
Day-Lily, coquetry
Dew-Plant, serenade
Diosma, inutility
Dock, patience
Dodder, baseness
Dog's Bane, deceit
Dragon Plant, snare
Ebony, darkness
Eglantine, poetry
Elder, compassion
Endive, frugality
Fennel, strength
Fern, sincerity
Fig, longevity
Filbert, reconciliation
Fir Tree, elevation
Flax, industry
Flower-de-luce, flame
Fox-glove, insincerity
Fumitory, spleen
Fuchsia, taste
Goat's-Rue, reason
Goosefoot, goodness
Gorse, anger
Gourd, extent
Grape, wild, felicity
Grass, utility
Hare-Bell, retirement
Hawthorn, hope

Hazel, peace
Heath, solitude
Helenium, tears
Hemp, fate
Henbane, defect
Hepatica, confidence
Holly, foresight
Holly-Hock, ambition
Honesty, honesty
Honey-Flower, love
Hop, injustice
Horehound, fire
Hornbeam, ornament
Hortensia, coldness
House-Leek, vivacity
Houstonia, content
Hoya, sculpture
Hyacinth, sport
Hyssop, cleanliness
Ice-Plant, frigidity
Indian-Cress, eclat
Indian-Plum, privation
Ipomea, attachment
Iris, flame of love
Ivy, friendship
Jonquil, desire
Juniper, protection
Laburnum, forsaken
Lantana, rigor
Larch, boldness
Larkspur, fickleness
Laurel, glory
Lavender, distrust
Leaves (dead) sadness
Lemon, zest
Lichen, dejection
Lilac (white), youth
Lily (field), humility
Lily (white), purity
Lily (yellow), gayety
Linden, conjugal love
Liverwort, confidence
Lobelia, malevolence
Lote Tree, concord
Lotus, eloquence
Lucern, life
Lupine, dejection
Madwort, tranquillity
Madder, calumny
Maidenhair, secrecy
Mallow, mildness
Mandrake, rarity
Maple, reserve
Marigold, grief
Marjoram, blushes
Martagon, power
May Rose, precocity
Mezereon, coquetry
Milfoil, war
Mimosa, courtesy
Mint, virtue
Mistletoe, difficulties
Moschatell, weakness
Moss, maternal love

Mugwort, happiness
Mulberry, wisdom
Mullein, good nature
Mushroom, suspicion
Myrrh, gladness
Myrtle, love
Narcissus, egotism
Nettle, cruelty
Night Shade, truth
Oak, hospitality
Olive, peace
Ophrys, error
Orchis (bee), industry
Orchis (fly), error
Osier, frankness
Osmunda, dreams
Ox-Eye, obstacle
Palm, victory
Pansy, thoughts
Parsley, festivity
Passion-Flower, faith
Pea, respect
Pea (sweet), pleasure
Pear, affection.
Peony, bashfulness
Phlox, unanimity
Pimpernel, change
Pine, pity
Pine Apple, perfection
Pink, pure love
Pink, yellow, disdain
Plane Tree, genius
Plum Tree, fidelity
Poplar (black) courage
Poplar (white), time
Poppy (white), sleep
Primrose, childhood
Privet, prohibition
Quince, temptation
Raspberry, remorse
Reed, indiscretion
Rhubarb, advice
Rocket, rivalry
Rose (China), grace
Rose (daily), a smile
Rose (moss), merit
Rose (musk) charming
Rose (white), secresy
Rudbeckia, justice
Rue, changeableness
Rush, docility
Rye Grass, vice
Sage, esteem
Saintfoin, agitation
Sardony, irony
Scabious, widowhood
Schinus, enthusiasm
Snake's-Root, horror
Snowdrop, hope
Straw (whole), union
Straw (brok.), rupture
Strawberry, perfection
Sumach, intellect
Sweet-Brier, poetry

Sycamore, curiosity
Syringa, memory
Tamarisk, crime
Tansy, defiance
Thistle, austerity
Thorns, severity
Thrift, sympathy
Throatwort, neglect
Thyme, activity
Tulip Tree, Fame
Tussilage, justice
Turnip, charity
Valerian, rupture
Veroncia, fidelity
Vervain, superstition
Vetch, shyness
Vine, intoxication
Violet, modesty
Wake Robin, ardor
Wall Flower, fidelity,
Walnut, stratagem
Water Lily, purity
Wheat, riches
Willow, celibacy
Wood-Sorrel, joy
Wormwood, absence
Xanthium, rudeness
Yew, sorrow, sadness

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